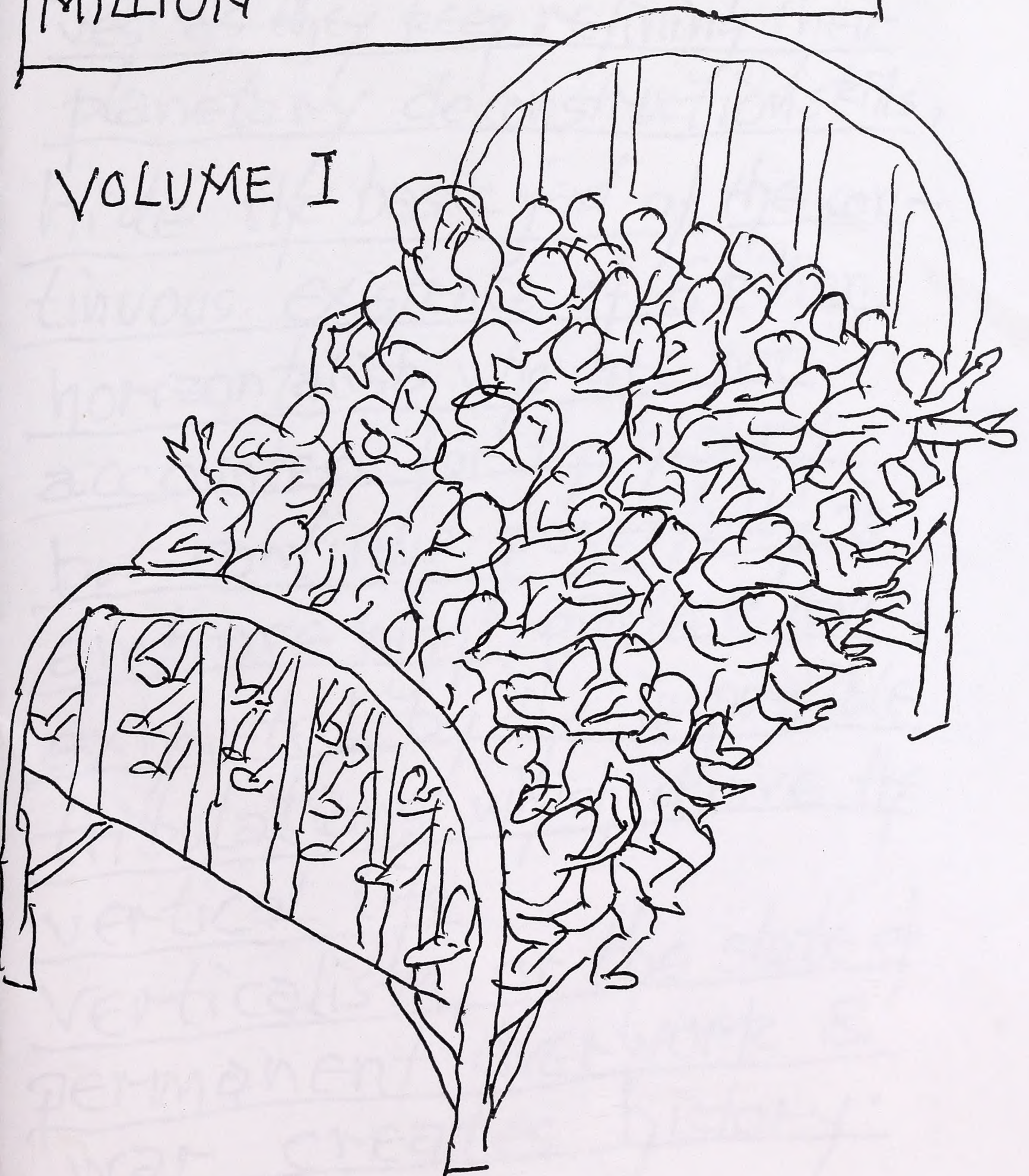


bread & puppet

317.3 US horizontalists  
MILLION

VOLUME I



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The extreme events of collapsing  
time & earth, the horror of reali-  
zation that overcomes the dwar-  
ves as they keep refining their  
planetary deconstruction skills,  
hide the basic fact of the con-  
tinuous existence of 6 billion  
horizontalists who are not  
accounted for by history  
but continue powerfully to  
embrace night, pillow & love,  
exhausted by the impossible  
tribulations which drive the  
vertical life.  
Verticalism, or the state of  
permanent overwork &  
war, creates history.



Pain & neglect of life's essen-  
tials are its associates,  
Horizontalism results both,  
from normal fatigue & the  
ecstatic capabilities that  
contradict the vertical  
ambitions. The gigantic  
dwarf enterprise ever  
since dwarves defined  
themselves as other-than-  
animal, created the verti-  
cal imbalance which produces  
empire & stomachache, engin-  
ered genocide & art,  
interplanetary tourism  
& high ~~art~~ cuisine.



The holy habit & <sup>no</sup> art whatsoever  
of embracing, hugging,  
caressing, penetrating, cop-  
ulating, kissing & procreat-  
ing, in imitation of the  
ocean waves' pulsing &  
throbbing, the huge vocabu-  
lary of tender & fierce  
consummations in prepara-  
tion for enormous dreams  
that link body to soul &  
memory, the endless  
nuances of ecstasy &  
consequent relaxation  
of limbs & torso & all their  
rhythmical extravagance,



learned from the original  
intention of life & relating  
the tortured historic creat-  
ure to its own holy whole  
self, which is an animal in  
the family of all growing  
things — the same as wind,  
river & snow — is there.  
Naturally, horizontalism, the  
abandonment of the excessive  
adventure of vertical strife,  
the discarding of the idiocy  
of commitment to so much  
trouble for the what & the  
why, has death just around  
the corner. Death, the



teacher of the basic mecha-  
nism of horizontalism, now  
invites you to partake in  
the horizontal worldview of  
the down-below: the mighty  
orgy-or-not of the 317.3 Million  
horizontalists, to review  
the arbitrary detail of  
incident or accident, of  
glimpse & whimsy, insight  
& sensation.



The fermentation saints who  
rule the day, are in recess  
at night. The cloudlike softness  
& evaporating forms of darkness  
that wrap the horizontalists  
into their fold, need radically  
different saints to sanctify  
radically different dwarf-  
characteristics, all related  
to the massiveness of the  
phenomenon.

No workforce, no army  
can ever compare to the  
formidable size of the  
worldwide bed, laden  
with drowsy masses,  
felled by the day



No roaring battlescream &  
brutal discord can ever  
reach the volume of the  
barely audible breathing  
sound of the horizontal  
throng.

There, at the darkest,  
quietest moment of life,  
they conceive their wish &  
dream, the precise trans-  
lation of their indiscrimi-  
nate possibilities, the picture  
book opposite essence of their  
daylight turmoil.

Eventually, the horizontalists  
have to be understood as an  
awesome military force



without any goosestepping  
or bombing skill, but endowed  
with the strength of the  
ultimate, unbending to the  
arrogant obvious, unyielding  
to the latest invasion, un-  
submitting to the decrepit  
empire of giant dwarves.

This nonexplosive fighting  
without weaponry, this de-  
stabilizing totality of  
peaceful limbs, cannot be  
overestimated for its  
victory-oriented potential.  
As weather grinds down the  
powerful mountain & water  
sculpts the hardest of rocks



so do the horizontalists  
defeat by their timelessness &  
insistence on nothing much.  
How many sophisticated empires  
have fallen to uncouth barbarians  
with nothing but superior sleep  
as their weapon? How many  
overkill projects have been  
shamed into oblivion by  
sleep? How much more monu-  
mental is the frightful killer-  
army, downed by night & ex-  
haustion than the bronze ge-  
neral with his pigeon-topped  
sword in the center of the  
city?



The nothing & the not-yet have  
an excellence that the day-  
time-propelled energies can't  
match. The unarchic snore  
of the horizontalists supplements  
the forest's hum & harmonizes  
with the finest storm's thunder.



As 317.3 Million spears of grass  
pierce through the dark snow-  
depressed carpet of this little  
meadow & defeat winter's  
efficiency, so do 6 billion  
huggers & lovers inherit the  
earth every night & bring  
down the reigning tyranny.  
Before rising unwillingly to  
the tyrants inevitable alarm-  
clock, they are momentarily  
suspended diagonally, doubting  
the right of the upright, ready  
to double back into lovely unreality.  
And they would, if they could, but  
they can't since they all graduated  
from the same school, the University  
of overwork & war.



Life is only life & nothing else.  
Heaven has tried its theater of  
entertainment & indoctrination  
most successfully. But when the  
show is over it's over & no  
heaven is available to relight the  
exit sign which says: get out!  
However engaging the perform-  
ance, the director evaporated  
& his angels deserve a break before  
the next performance & the dwarves  
urgently need integration into the  
everything that they rejected  
as inferior during their life-  
span.







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everything that they pretended  
as we enter a new life  
space.

